The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKERS, EDITOR. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." 50 CENTS A YEAR

VOL. XX. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1902. NO. 11.

Andrew Carnegie says there is nothing in wealth beyond a competence He ought to know, but most people want to see for themselves.

Said Colonel G. B. M. Harvey, the editor of Harper's Weekly: "Current literary success seems to consist of three stages—advertised, dramatized, anathematized."

The decision that the United States "is," not "are," just made by the House Committee on the Revision of the Laws, at Washington, simply gives a grammatical ratification to a fact long since settled by the iron logic of events.

General Weyler has issued a decree preventing army officers from marrying before they are old enough to realize the importance of the step and rich enough to support a wife. The general will be writing heart-to-heart talks next.

Just as the eight-hour day is becoming generally prevalent a scientist tells us that in a mere 60,000,000 years the day will be forty-eight hours long. It is discouraging to be thus rebuffed after working out a reform, as we believed, for posterity.

The first submarine cable to surrender to wireless telegraphy is that lying between Rome and Sardinia. Its use will shortly be discontinued, as the 900 kilometers of sea between the imperial city and the island has been successfully traversed by wireless messages.

Nearly 300,000 of the best and brightest women that the sun ever shone upon are at present engaged in teaching the young American idea how to shoot. Nearly 300,000 school mistresses are at this very moment striving intelligently, faithfully and in the main successfully to plant in the minds of American children the facts and aspirations that will make them good citizens.

In the new world and the old the advance of sentiment in favor of the most rigorous rules to do away with every possible element of professionalism in amateur athletics is notable and gratifying. Amateur sport in every department should be so clean from top to bottom and in every part of it that even the most censorious of carpers can have no just excuse for finding fault, states the New York Tribune.

More than 84,000,000 people now owe allegiance to the Government of the United States, counting Islanders, Alaskans and all. Russia, China and the British Empire are the only nations carrying a larger human stock, and none of these could vie with us in average quality. So much in a single century of effort. What figures of American expansion shall greet the eyes of statisticians of the far away twenty first century?

The engineer and train crew can never be supplanted by mechanical devices, no matter how ingenious they may be. A human hand, guided by human intelligence, must rest upon the throttle in the engine cab. The safety of the passengers depends upon that hand. But human ingenuity will not be exhausted until it has supplied devices for signaling the engineer that are absolutely perfect and which work with greater accuracy than does the human mind.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Edinburgh Walter Scott Club the other night, Dr. Conan Doyle urged writers and every man of literary taste to put away from time to time the short, scrappy literature of the present—the literature of St. Vitus' dance—and take refuge in the more restful literature of the past. It was not bromide or chloral that an irritable brain needed, but the sonorous and serene pages of Gibbon and the deliberate narratives of older novelists.

History teaches that the lean and fat years will ever alternate. While no man can predict with certainty when the one will end and the other begin, yet we know that within certain lines Nature will act. Where she has given increase she will sooner or later exact penalty; and of such increase she in the last few years has certainly given a full share to us. It would seem safer, therefore, to keep in mind that what goes up must sooner or later come down, and the higher it goes the greater may be the fall, observes the New York Tribune.

The design of our new battleships is highly approved by foreign authorities. The London Engineer, for example, concedes its superiority to that of any other battle type, because it promises such great energies per ton of displacement and illustrates the true working theory that these vessels must be, above all things, practical. This marked progress is attributed to several praiseworthy causes. First, to what it calls the "nautical influence" exercised, by which it means the determining share that sea-going officers have had in the work. It finds next a notable appreciation of the vital fact, too often disregarded, that a war ship must be primarily, not a beautiful "paper design," but a real fighting machine.

'TWEEN EARTH AND SKY.

BY NORMAN DUNCAN.

HE was a strong, quick lad of sixteen years. If big bones, blue eyes and a towhead count for anything, he had Swedish blood in his veins.

It was his duty for eight hours of every working-day to fetch and carry over the girders and crosspieces, as the great cantilever bridge grew, feet by foot, out over the ravine. Bolts, tools, water and what not he took nimbly from place to place at the call of the workers. Most of his waking hours were spent in perilous places, high in the air, where a misstep meant death.

Nobody knew who he was, and only the foreman knew where he came from. The men of the gang called him "Johnson's kid." Johnson, the brusque, gigantic foreman, called him plain "kid," and, curiously, seemed to value the dumb affection and loyalty the waif gave him. The foreman was ready enough to respond with his fists when the kid needed protection from the baiting of the men, which was often; but a show of tenderness was far from him.

The kid's regard for Johnson was past the understanding of the gang. In the sight of the men, who hated him for his abusive tongue, the foreman had no traits to win love. It was commonly put down to a queer twist in the boy's nature that he should care for Johnson. As a matter of fact, this affection had its source in a happening of two years before, when the White Rock Bridge was built over one of the great rivers in the far Northwest, and the kid was new at the work. It was there, one day, when he was walking a twelve-inch girder two hundred and seven feet above the river, that the kid lost his presence of mind for the first and last time.

This loss of courage, or self-possession, may come upon any bridge-builder, no matter how used to high places. It is unaccountable and comes suddenly. Generally it puts an end to the man's career. Either he falls to his death, or, so fearful is the shock, he can never again summon courage to venture out on the structure.

On this occasion the kid had dropped his pail of water and sunk to the girder. He lay flat on his stomach, gripping the iron with his arms and knees. His case was desperate. Terror of the space below had utterly overcome him. It seemed inevitable that he should faint of sheer fear, and tumble through two hundred and seven feet of space to the river. His arms were fast becoming nerveless.

It was Johnson who perceived the boy's predicament. He was quick to act, and his experience made him fertile in expedients. Calmly, and whistling, he walked along a parallel girder to where the kid lay, just out of reach. Then, for as long as he dared, he looked up and down the river, humming the chorus of an old song. He observed his near presence and self-possession seemed to quiet the lad's terror.

"Here, kid," said the foreman, quietly, "get to land an' tell Bill Oleson to hurry up with them rivets. And say," he added, sharply, "don't you lose any time about it!"

The boy did not move. It was evident, however, that the firm, familiar command had steadied him somewhat.

"Hear me?" reared the foreman. "Get up, when I tell you! Hurry them rivets up, now, and be lively."

Then the boy got to his feet. While, pale and shaking, he made his way over fifty feet of narrow foothold, the foreman kept roaring his command to make haste. When the boy reached the platform of the abutment he fell in a faint; but the foreman was there to catch him, and carried him the rest of the way to the bluff.

It was for this that the kid loved Johnson. It was for what occurred the next day that Johnson came as near to loving the kid as he could come, perhaps, to loving anything.

In the noon hour, which is the time for skylarking, the boy climbed the outmost upright, bent on proving his courage, that he might put a stop to the gibes of the men once and for all. There was an eighteen-inch plate riveted securely to the top of the upright. Upon this he clambered, persevering against the warning cries of the men, who had gathered to watch him. Then he stood erect, looked at the sky and the river and all around, and danced a breakdown.

"What'd you do that for?" the foreman asked him angrily, when he had come down. "Eh? What'd you do that fool thing for? Don't you know any better?"

"My feet was cold, boss," said the kid, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Say, kid," exclaimed Johnson, moved for once to enthusiasm, "you stick to me and I'll stand by you. Understand? You stick to me."

In this way it came about that the foreman and the kid traveled East in company; and when Johnson was put to work on the big cantilever at Rocky Gorge, they were still together.

"Where I go you can come," the foreman had said to the boy. "You're a bridge-builder born."

The big cantilever job was a difficult one, and Johnson was more harsh and abusive than ever. As a consequence, when the men were making ready for the great strike which took place that year, three or four scamps in Johnson's gang, who cared neither for one side nor the other, thought they had found their opportunity for revenge.

They gave loud expression to their pretended sympathy with the men, and soon accused the burly foreman of having disclosed the strikers' plans to the superintendent. Johnson did not take the trouble to deny the charge, but he resented it with ugly-tempered commands and a brimming measure of labor for every hour of the day. The hatred of his enemies grew more menacing, and their number increased.

From suspicion to threats of vengeance is a short and easy path for men who have already undertaken a lawless course. Johnson was thrice anonymously warned to seek work elsewhere, and that quickly. A coffin and bleeding heart, rudely scrawled in black and red on the last notice, gave point to the warning. Upon each occasion the foreman had taken pains to show his contempt by a more flagrant abuse of the worst of the malcontents, whom, recklessly, he soon roused to a pitch of fury that boded ill for him.

The kid observed this cloud of danger rising. He had nothing to fear for himself, but he was no less distressed on this account.

On the October night which just preceded the first day of the big strike the foreman had gone on some small errand down to the superintendent's office in the ravine, under the bluff opposite to that upon which the workmen's shack was set. There was but one path; running along the edge of the cliff for half a mile, it then descended steeply to the gorge, and led over a rickety bridge to the opposite side.

At various points the path turned sharp angles, and ran all through a fringe of bushes. The night was thick. A thin rain had fallen in the afternoon, and the fog now lay like a blanket in the ravine. It appeared to the kid that the foreman's return, being made at a late hour, would be attended with some danger.

The men had made a fire in the big box stove in the rear of the shack, for the night was cold. Gathered round the fire, a group of the foreman's personal enemies began to talk freely, and soon worked themselves into a rage.

"Where's the kid?" exclaimed Big Red Smith, suddenly and somewhat anxiously.

Several men turned and spied the boy idling innocently near the door.

"He's all right," one of them whispered.

An intense, close conversation in whispers ensued. The kid heard the name of Johnson coupled with the word "even" spoken with deep passion. It needed nothing more to make him prick up his ears. The stray words that came to him increased his uneasiness. He fancied that the men were to "take it out of Johnson" while they had the chance.

Soon four men passed him on their way out into the night. Their faces were flushed and scowling. One of them the foreman had thrashed for insubordination three weeks before. When they had gone, the boy felt himself to be under the surveillance of all the men left in the room. Nevertheless, he made up his mind that, cost what it might, he would be good to Johnson, who had been good to him.

"Fetch the kid here," he heard some one say in a whisper.

"Naw," was the reply. "Leave him alone. He can't get away. Keep your eye on him, Bill."

This was sufficient to convince him that some evil was awaiting the foreman. What was it? How could it be averted? Possibly it was a beating at some turn in the road, where men could easily lie in wait, and attack from behind. Certainly it was not murder. No man of them was so foolhardy as to put his own neck in danger. But might not the end of it, when passions were aroused to the boiling point, be murder?

The kid began to edge toward the door. He moved with exceeding care—quietly, slowly, and as if aimlessly. When he had come near to the threshold Big Red Smith called sharply:

"Where's the kid?"

"Here!" some one shouted. "Come back here!"

The kid was making speedily for the door. Four men, Big Red in the lead, followed in hot haste; but the boy was not to be caught. He escaped through the open door and sped down the path to the edge of the bluff. He had planned clearly in his mind what to do, and in all he did that night he hesitated not once.

The path to the ravine was closed to him by the four men who had gone ahead.

The eastern abutment of the big cantilever had at that time been finished. The ironwork of the structure stretched out one hundred feet into the air, reaching for the middle of the gorge, where it was to meet the opposite section then under construction. Half-way up the bluff, on a broad ledge, the big steam derrick had its place. The lean, black arm, which lifted the ponderous girders from the bottom of the ravine to their stations in the span, extended from this ledge beyond the point to which the structure had been carried. From its extremity hung the mighty tackle and blocks. The ropes fell to the ground below—where, for convenience, the ironwork had been transported from the town above over a makeshift railroad.

The plan of the kid was to walk the girder to the ropes, and descend thence by the "standing fall" to the bottom of the ravine.

The night had cleared. Low in the sky to the west the moon was breaking through the thin clouds. It would be broad light soon. The boy picked his way over the encumbered abutment platform. He had come to the naked girder, which protruded into the air, when his pursuers found him out.

"You're all safe, kid!" Big Red shouted. "You're as good there as anywhere!"

The men sat down, panting and laughing, for they were tired with the run and amused by the issue.

The kid made his way cautiously, balancing himself with his arms. The light was barely sufficient. The path he must tread lay darkly before him; but the girder was solidly fixed in its place. It did not sway under his weight. Thus far, the way had not been difficult to his experienced feet and trained nerves. He saw the ropes hanging just beyond the end of the path.

Far below—two hundred and fifty feet below—and far beyond, the lights in the superintendent's house and in the group of executive offices shone cheerfully. It was for those lights he was bound. When he came to the end of the girder, he paused, for a moment, to breathe. His feet rested on an iron plank, sixteen inches wide. There was nothing above—nothing on either side; all about was misty space, all that was solid was underfoot.

"Hi!" Big Red roared, of a sudden.

The kid had reached for the tackle. It was now plain to the men on the bluff that he meant to descend by it. They came after him, threatening him with violence if he should persevere.

"Come back or I'll throw you off!" Big Red shouted, hoarsely.

Unhappily for the kid, he could not catch the ropes. Three times he tried vainly to grasp them; each time, so desperate was the effort, he placed his balance in fearful jeopardy. At last his finger brushed the nearest strand. This gave him an idea. He brought his feet together, and advanced them until the tips of his toes were flush with the end of the girder. He reached again, and failed again. He allowed himself half an inch more. Then, by leaning out so far that a breath of air might have toppled him over, he was able to touch the rope again, and to push it. This nearly cost him his balance. He tottered for the space of a breath; but recovered, cleverly, and leaned forward again, nothing daunted.

Meanwhile, Big Red was tiptoeing after him. The kid felt the girder vibrate. He turned his head, but kept his feet in their place.

"Get out of there!" he said grimly. "Let me alone, you! Don't you come here! Get back!"

"Come back, kid!" he whined. "It'll be all right if you come back. We won't hurt you."

For an answer the kid reached again for the rope, bearing himself as if Big Red Smith were nowhere about. He was teetering on his toes, and had as much of his body thrust forward as his balance could sustain. Another push on the rope set the block below swinging like a pendulum. He pushed it again—and again—and again. With each touch its swing was greater. At last one rope came within reach. He crooked his forefinger about it, and held it.

The weight of the block, on its return swing, was a heavy strain to put upon his delicate poise. For an instant he was on the point of leaping for the rope before he should be wrenched from his place. He met the strain, however; fixed his grip, pulled the arm of the derrick in, and selected the standing fall—the only stationary rope of all the tackle. It was but the work of a moment to wind this about his leg, swing far out, and slide swiftly toward the ground, leaving Big Red to vent his rage as best he might.

Johnson was bidding the superintendent good night when the kid, out of breath, brought his warning to the office door. Johnson was saved, and you may be sure his friendship for the kid was not diminished by this latest exploit.—Youth's Companion.

EPOCH-MAKING PRINCIPLES.

The Great Scientific Discoveries of the Last Century.

Sir William Preece, in a recent address before the Society of Arts, enumerates the great scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century to as follows:

The principle of evolution.

The atomic structure of matter.

The existence of the ether and the undulatory theory of light.

The principles of electro-magnetic induction and electrolysis.

The principle of the conservation of energy.

These he proceeds to discuss at length, showing their influence upon what we may expect to follow and supplement them.

In the course of evolution we may expect selective modification to be influenced by the mainsprings which are acting most powerfully; the struggle for power, the race for individual wealth, the pursuit of knowledge, the combat with disease, the advance in comfort of living; and these forces may be expected to act in the future as they have in the past.

The study of the atomic constitution of matter may lead to the discovery of many new elements, or possibly to the revelation of the one fundamental element, of which all others are but varied manifestations.

The existence of the ether is still inexplicable in its mechanical structure, although its reality is even more fully accepted than ever. It offers no resistance to wave motion and in it energy is not dissipated away into heat, as in the undulations and vibrations of matter. Still no final theory of its structure has been produced, and that problem still awaits its solution in the twentieth century.

Electro-magnetic induction is only beginning to unfold its possibilities. The communication of energy without the use of metallic or other material conductors is within sight, and in the form of space telegraphy has been partly realized. Electrical decomposition may be followed by recomposition and the artificial synthesis of organic compounds become commercially and wholly possible. With all these comes the principle of the conservation of energy uniting the action of force, motion and matter in ever changing relations, but always with an unchanging sum total.—Engineering Magazine.

Horse Meat in Austria.

Nearly half a century ago the experiment of putting horse meat on the market was made for the first time in Austria. A Government decree of April 29, 1854, gave legal permission to cut up and sell horse meat as an article of food. During the rest of that year and in 1855, 913 horses were slaughtered for food in Vienna. The number rose in 1899—the last year for which statistics are obtainable—to 25,640 head.

A Musical Note.

It is reported that 150,000 pianofortes were sold in the country last year. How many of them conduced to thoughts of harmony?—Boston Globe.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

This Rat Resisted an Officer.

IN a dimly lighted room, and armed with a stout club, Officer Tim Hanley battled with a vicious rat for an hour and a half on a recent night. Hanley finally killed the rodent, but not until he had been severely bitten about the hands and it had lacerated the arm of Mrs. Martin. As a result of her experience Mrs. Martin lies in a serious condition at her home on Ninth street, suffering from hysteria and the effects of the wound inflicted by the teeth of the rat. It was the most novel fight that the policeman ever participated in, and it gives him cold chills whenever he thinks about it, which is about all the time.

Mrs. Martin and her daughter Gracie retired at an early hour Thursday night. They occupy a room on the second floor of the house. The third relief at Central Station had just been dismissed and Officer Hanley was on his way home when he heard a piercing scream and calls for help. The commotion emanated from the Martin home. The first thought of the officer was that murder was being done, and he burst open the front door and ran upstairs to the room from which the screams issued. The door to the room was unlocked and Hanley walked in. On the bed stood Mrs. Martin, holding her arm, from which the blood was dripping. A little girl was perched on top of a dresser. In a few words Mrs. Martin told her story. She said that she had been suddenly awakened by an excruciating pain in her arm. She was horrified when she noticed a big rat crouching on her breast. She jumped up and threw the rodent to the floor.

Hanley secured a club and began a search for the rat. He moved the dresser upon which the little girl was standing, and in the corner saw the rat. The officer leaned over to hit it, when it suddenly sprang at his hand. Before he could remove the member the sharp teeth of the little animal were fastened in his flesh. He shook it off, and it then attacked his legs, making a vain effort to bite through his trousers. Hanley beat off the rodent, which he chased about the room, and struck at it a hundred times, but only hit the floor resounding whacks. Suddenly the rodent disappeared. Some soot dropped into the grate, and then the policeman felt sure the rat was up the chimney. He lighted a newspaper and threw it into the grate. The rat dropped from its hiding place. Its hair was singed. It again attacked Hanley and scratched his hand in several places. Finally he cornered it and gave it its quietus.

It took him an hour and a half to kill the rodent, and he was soaked with perspiration and breathing heavily. The rat was of the sewer variety, and was almost as large as a half-grown cat. There is some mystery as to how the animal got into the room, as rats have heretofore been an unknown quantity about the house. Mrs. Martin thanked the officer for his help, and then grew hysterical. A physician was called and he pronounced the condition of Mrs. Martin serious. Her arm is badly inflamed. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why He Was Alone.

For a good many months he has been accustomed to drop into a little barber shop on the North Side three mornings out of each week and get shaved. During all this time he has been regularly shaved by the same man. There are two other chairs in the shop, but he has preferred always to wait until his favorite was at leisure.

One morning last week he went into the shop at the usual hour and found no one there but the man who usually shaved him. Even the negro porter was missing, but he made up his mind that they had all stepped out for a moment and sat down in the chair without giving the matter another thought.

The barber received him pleasantly and set to work at once. He was well lathered and the shaving had begun when the barber made a curious remark.

"I had a strange customer in the chair this morning," he said. "He had two sets of eyebrows. I told him about it and wanted to shave off the extra pair, but he wouldn't let me and acted as though he was frightened about it."

"That was strange," said the man in the chair, beginning to feel extremely uneasy.

"Yes," went on the barber, as he waved his razor in graceful curves about the customer's chin, "it was rather queer. Then, a few minutes later I noticed that both the boss and the man on the other chair had double sets of eyebrows, too. I said I had worked here five years and had never noticed those double eyebrows before. Then the boss said, 'Why, the man's crazy. Let's go and get the police.' Then they both ran out of the shop. That was just before you came in. Now, there isn't a thing the matter with me. I ain't crazy. Do you think I am? Do you notice anything queer about me?"

"Not a thing," said the man in the chair, as cold chills ran up and down his spinal column. "Not a thing in the world. Would you just as leave use cold water on my face?"

The barber went back to the washbasin and the half-shaved customer jumped out of the chair and grabbing his hat rushed out in the street.

He hasn't been back since, and he doesn't know what became of the barber who saw double.—Chicago Tribune.

A Critical Moment.

To pass a competitor in an automobile race is an exciting and often dangerous undertaking. The motor carriages when traveling at a high rate of speed are often followed by a cloud of dust so dense that the driver of one coming up from behind cannot see the vehicle ahead of him. M. Fournier, who won the celebrated Paris-Berlin race, tells in the Automobile Magazine of the way in which the passing is accomplished.

"I drive into the cloud, and do not lose my direction, because I am familiar with certain movements in the vortex of dust. These dust cyclones present a different appearance in the wake of a vehicle from that at the side of it, and I am guided by that knowledge.

"When I get within ten or fifteen yards of the vehicle I wish to pass the dust is so thick that the air is almost dark with it, but when I am closer yet I begin to see the outline of the vehicle in front.

"It would be useless to signal for room, since I could not be heard. The combined roar of the motors, gears and chains of the two vehicles makes a din which is inconceivable to one who has not been in the midst of it. I have to take my chances of a good road ahead, and then I put on my highest speed and shoot past, entirely ignoring what I may meet in the several hundred feet to be traversed before I am in front."

In the same periodical similar testimony is given by Charles Jarrott, who describes his experiences in the race.

"The overtaking of a car in front became a serious matter. It meant that for some miles one had to drive in the thick dust thrown up by it, and for a time it was quite impossible to see anything. So one had to get a rough idea as to the exact location of the road.

"A very serious accident happened to one of the cars through the driver's recklessness in running into the dust of the car just in front. He thought the road was straight. Instead, it took a sharp turn to the left. The result was that he cleared the road, went into a ditch and upset the car in a field."

A Kentucky Feudist.

The time grew on when Tom Baker was to be tried for his many crimes. Manchester, never quiet then, was bubbling with excitement. The State troops were there to protect their prisoner and to preserve order. The town was so full of people that the military could not find quarters, so tents were pitched in the rear of the court house, which were occupied by the soldiers, with Tom Baker in their midst. Early in the morning of the day set for the trial, while the gray heads of the surrounding mountains were swathed in bandages of mist, horsemen could be seen emerging from dark defiles and sinuous by-paths, which led no one knew where. Up to the courtyard fence they rode, with their rifles across their saddle-bows. Before crossing the portals of the house of justice they must lay down their arms, and so they stacked their guns against the wall of the building, and went in with hearts of hate or hope. As the heavy fog of morning gradually lifted before the sun, Tom Baker stepped from his tent and stretched his gaunt arms with a lazy yawn, preparatory to washing his face. It was then that the peaceful air was cut with a sharp, whip-like report, and Tom Baker's soul stood naked before a tribunal which cannot err. Into the midst of Governor Bradley's troops, before law's very face, a feudist arm was stretched, and vengeance gratified. From the window of Sheriff White's house, which stood not twenty yards away, some pale smoke melted into air. The house was surrounded and searched, but the five men in it, including the Sheriff, knew nothing of the shot. There was no proof, and Tom Baker's slayer is yet unpunished. —E. Carl Litsey, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Wrecked, Saved and Lost.

Lieutenant Ketchmer, of the Revenue Marine, came out of the Walla Walla disaster a physical and mental wreck, owing to the peculiar horror of his experience. On the evening that the Walla Walla sailed he and Mrs. Ketchmer attended a ball in San Francisco and missed the steamer. They went aboard a tug and overhauled the Walla Walla outside the Golden Gate, where they boarded her. Due to the rush and excitement of their belated and hasty embarkation, Mrs. Ketchmer was intensely nervous and could not be induced to go to bed. They were both up when the collision occurred. Lieutenant Ketchmer got his wife safely in a lifeboat, together with himself and seven sailors. At Cape Mendocino the sailors insisted upon trying to make a landing in the heavy sea against the judgment of the Lieutenant. The boat was dashed to pieces on the reefs, but after a heroic struggle the Lieutenant succeeded in getting his wife through the breakers to the rock-bound cliff. Here, after desperate exertion, he pushed her up on the flat of a great rock, and, dragging himself up exhausted and mangled, he fell insensible at her side. When he recovered consciousness several hours later she was gone—swept out to sea again by the hungry waves. Lieutenant Ketchmer in the days following was on the verge of insanity, that, having rescued his wife, he was unable, owing to his lost consciousness, to protect her further.

Saved by His Collie.

That Caspar Lampson, a well-to-do farmer of Stewarttown, N. Y., is alive is due to the bravery of his shepherd dog, which rescued him from a vicious bull that would have killed him had not the dog come to his assistance.

Mr. Lampson was leading the bull to water when it turned on and attacked him. He had a pitchfork in his hand, with which he defended himself as best he could, but at last the maddened animal in a most vicious rush knocked the fork from the farmer's hand. Then it bore him to the ground and was trampling on and goring him when the dog leaped the barnyard fence and attacked the bull, biting and snapping at its heels. This caused the bull to turn from the man to the dog, which then attacked the bull, fastening its teeth in the bull's nostrils and holding on until the badly injured farmer could crawl to a place of safety.

When the dog saw that its master was safe it loosened its hold on the bull and reached safety by jumping the fence.

The oldest bonnet was found upon an Egyptian mummy, that of a princess who was interred about 2000 years B. C.

Half-Hour with the Children

Betty and Susan.

Bouncing Betty loitered idly,
On the dusty road to town;
Black-eyed Susan, trim and tidy,
Chid her for her tattered gown.

"See how soiled it is, and faded!
Creep beneath the bars, my friend;
In this field 'tis clean and shaded,
And your frock I'll help you mend."

Kindly Susan's plan refusing,
Contrary Betty made reply:
"Oh, it is vastly more amusing
To stay here to watch the passers-by!"
—The Christian Register.

The Woolsack.

During the time of Queen Elizabeth an act of Parliament was passed prohibiting the exportation of wool. This product was one of the great sources of natural wealth of England at that time, and in accordance with the economic notions of the age the authorities attempted to keep it in the country, imagining that if it went abroad, even though something more valuable or desirable were exchanged for it, the country would be the poorer. In order to hold the importance of this commodity before the minds of the national legislators woolsacks were placed in the House of Lords, where the judges sat. Hence the Lord Chancellor, who presides over the House of Lords, "sits on the woolsack." The woolsack, according to a printed description, is a "large square bag of wool without back or arms and covered with red cloth."

Speaking of Wet Blankets.

When a miserable, selfish, unsociable person joins a party and put a damper upon their spirits he is described as a "wet blanket." Literally, however, a wet blanket can do more than put a stop to mirth. In the days of the old muskets the Indians of North America used them to stop the flight of bullets. This is hardly to be believed, but it is said that the Mexicans were once defeated by this plan. Their general was trying to put down a rising of the Yaquis. At first he was amused to see the Indians under cover of their blankets, held up like shields. Finding that their progress was not stopped by his men's fire, he was at last forced to retreat, but not till the Yaquis, in their turn, had poured into his ranks a terrible fire at close quarters. The Indians, it was thought, had found out by accident that a wet blanket, when held up clear of the ground—allowed to hang, so to speak, as on a clothes line—could not be pierced by a bullet. Dry blankets were useless, and of course wet blankets would also be useless against the rifles and bullets of the present day.

Fun at a Carpenter's.

The carpenter had put down his tools and gone for a luncheon.

"Life for me is a perfect bore," said the auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the small plank.

"There is no art in this country," said the screw-driver. "Everything is screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick to anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the glue.

"That's just it," said the screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut," cried the saw, "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind," said the grindstone.

"I agree with you," observed the bench. "It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work, I'm always sat on.

"Let's strike," cried the hammer.

"That's it," cried the augur, "you hit the nail on the head taut time."

"I'll hit it again," retorted the hammer, and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb nail the hammer struck.—New York Tribune.

Brave Little Jack.

Their names were Jack and Jill. They were not Mother Goose's Jack and Jill. Still, there is a goose in the story—several geese, in fact. They were going down the road to school. Jack wore a long play-frock, almost as long as Jill's dress. It made him look a little like a girl. Of course he didn't like it, but he had to wear it, because he would play in the dirt.

"What if we should meet the wolf?" suddenly cried Jill.

"What wolf?" said Jack.

"Why, Little Red Ridinghood's wolf!" said Jill.

"Pooh!" laughed Jack. "I'm not afraid! I'd just like to meet him! You'd see what I'd do to him for the way he treated Red Ridinghood!"

Just then they saw a goose coming up the hill; then another goose and a whole flock of geese.

"Maybe we'd better go round the other way, Jill," said Jack; "through that field over there."

"Why, Jack, I thought you were brave—brave enough to fight a wolf," said Jill.

"So I am," said Jack, though he stammered a little; "but this is different. A wolf hasn't any wings to flap you with; if he had I'd think I'd be afraid of him."

And that is how the geese had the road all to themselves.

Millions Spent For Oysters.

America's annual production of oysters is about 13,000,000,000, or some 20,000,000 bushels, worth in the neighborhood of $16,000,000. Not so many years ago we were paying three cents for an oyster; to-day the price is about three for a cent. In New Orleans the fat Louisiana oysters are so cheap that dealers on the levees for twenty-five cents will open them for you as long as you can eat.—New York Press.

Ancient Wheels.

Bicycles are generally considered a very modern invention, but some of the Egyptian obelisks, it is said, bear figures mounted on two-wheeled vehicles resembling the old velocipedes.

There are 130,000,000 people on the face of the globe who don't know what soap is.

TRACKIN' RABBITS.

The fleecy flakes come fallin' down
Deep in the stillness of the night,
An' robe the earth so bare an' brown
In bridal dress o' purest white,
An' memory goes a nosin' back
Toward the happy long ago,
When 'round the farm we used to track
The bunnie rabbits through the snow.

All bundled up with "comforters"
Around our boyish necks an' ears
We'd call the little huntin' curs
To limber up their runnin' gears,
An' round the snowy ol' straw stack
An' brush-heap clearin' we would go,
Our hearts alive with fun, to track
The skeery rabbits through the snow.

When one was started, Moses help!
But how them hankerin' dogs'd fly!
At every jump they'd give a yelp.
Us kids a jinin' in the cry,
Then through a dog-proof fence 't'd cut
An' to'ards its home in safety go,
A leavin' its pursuers but
Its tracks cut down into the snow.

We've trailed the brown an' grizzly bear
When in the mountain short o' meat,
Have seen the elk with shaggy hair
Lay dead an' bleedin' at our feet,
The mountain lion's pelt have packed
To camp, an' laid the blacktail low,
But had no sport like when we tracked
Them skeered up rabbits through the snow.
—Denver Post.

Brain-Racking Facetious Vein

Madge—"Have you given Jack your final answer yet?" Mabel—"Not yet—but I have given him my final 'no.'" —Brooklyn Life.

"Why do you girls call Bertie 'The Poem?'" "Why, he's just like a poem. He's been rejected at lest forty times!" —Chicago Daily News.

"Is that distinguished looking gentleman a man of letters?" "Yes, he's a D. D., LL. D., A. M., N. A., from Washington, D. C."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Why do you talk so much?" ma cried,
Reproving little May.
"I s'pose it's cause," the child replied,
"I'm got so much to say."
—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Brown—"You know I went to the employment agency——" Mrs. Jones—"Yes? Did you get a cook that suited you?" Mrs. Brown—"Why, no! I couldn't even get a cook that didn't suit me!"—Puck.

Mrs. Hauskeep—"You needn't deny it, Delia, I saw you permit that policeman to kiss you last night." Delia—"Av coorse, ma'am. Shure, ye wouldn't have me resist an officer, would ye?" —Philadelphia Press.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the well meaning friend. "I don't dare to," answered Willie Wishington. "People would think my father had disinherited me, and it would ruin my credit."—Washington Star.

George—"And if things do not go well with us the first year, darling, I—hem—presume your father will not see us suffer?" Birdie (sighing)—"No, dear, poor papa's eyesight is rapidly growing worse, even now."—Tit-Bits.

Strange capers which oft may cut
Blame not in unrestricted terms.
Of course you may not like it, but
It's quite agreeable to germs.
—Washington Star.

"Johnnie," said his mother, threateningly, to the incorrigible, "I am going to have your father whip you when he comes home to-night." "Please don't, mamma," replied Johnnie, penitently, "paw is allus so tired when he comes home."—Boston Post.

Officer—"Is your brother, who was so deaf, any better?" Bridget—"Sure, he'll be all right in the morning." Officer—"You don't say so." Bridget—"Yes; he was arrested yesterday, and he gets his hearin' in the morning." —Denver Republican.

"According to statistics," said the sweet girl graduate, "women live about ten years longer than men." "Yes," growled the old bachelor, "and they might live fifty years longer if they weren't so shy about passing the thirty mark."—Chicago Post.

A visitor to the farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer: "That fellow ought to be chuckful of of work." "He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—Success.

The Billboard Nuisance.

The Springfield (Ohio) Republic takes a sensible view of the sign-board advertising nuisance, which it comments upon as follows:

In Columbus there is a discussion on at present about street signs. The Capital is much in need of labels for the corners (a subject which Springfield ought to be investigating, by the way), but it is the display of popular sentiment in another direction that has been most interesting.

Owing to the expense of manufacturing and placing suitable signs, the feasibility of granting the contract to some advertising company who would pay for the privilege of putting up sign posts with eulogies of its various wares displayed on them, was talked over.

Instantly the people were up in arms. They declared that such a proceedure would deface the streets and make Columbus a laughing stock. Street signs, they said, were already too numerous, and they would rather foot the bill for any proper signs Council might see fit to buy, than have money put into the city treasury by an advertising scheme.

All this goes to show which way the wind is blowing. It may be years, but some day fence signs and bill boards and barn placards will go. The people are getting tired of them.

We are glad to note the fact that newspapers in all sections of the country are beginning to take up this fight. The ranks are growing day by day, and, as the Republic truly says, "the people are getting tired of them and they must go." This matter is in the hands of the newspaper publishers themselves. They can, by making one solid, united front, wipe out the nuisance in the twinkling of an eye—and if they but knew it, the great American people are anxiously waiting for the eye to twinkle.—Fourth Estate.

At Marburg Professor Ostmann examined 7537 schoolchildren, and found that 28.4 per cent. had a defective sense of hearing—the boys 30 per cent., the girls 26.8.